

Earnest Reflections.



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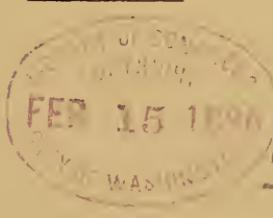


SELECT POEMS

B Y

J. HENRY LUTZ

Tipton, Mo.



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HOLY NIGHT.

In days of old, when night reigned king
And man had fallen low,
When as it seemed, the God supreme,
By wicked man was served no more.

There lived a few, a numbered few,
Who wept and prayed aloud,
That He might come mid drops of dew
That spring from sunny clouds.

The time arrived when He appeared
To stay the accursed course
Of a sinning world who all these years
The vengeance of His wrath invoked.

The night was there, a star-lit night,
Illuminate and cold,
And very few beheld the sight,
Save humble shepherds young and old.

The hour of which the Holy Writ
Had told to Jewish scribes,
That Israel would bear a king
Was being now transpired.

Some sheep were nestling quiet by
The stall where Jesus lay,
His bed the manger bleak and dry,
His pillow some loose hay.

A gleam of light o'ercast the spot
With haloes azure blue and white,
As if the heavens had forgot
To close their portals for the night.

Angelic songs that never yet were heard,
Were wafting from the skies,
And angels clad in gold and white
To anxious shepherds sped.

Amazed the shepherds heard these words,
O leave your flocks and come
With us and view the Son
Of God from heaven above.

They went along and as they saw
The Christ-child fair and meek,
They knew full well the truth of all
That angels made them seek.

They silent sink on trembling knees
And kiss the earth in holy fear,
For theirs the share to see the face
Of heaven's most adored Grace.

Now one more bow they reverent make,
Then rise upon their feet,
And grateful for their happy fate
They do now go to their beloved retreat.

The morning dawns and songs now cease
As the glories of the day appear,
Meanwhile the mother of the child
In silent adoration kneels aside.

She knows from sights that meet her eyes
That her beloved will one day be
A suffering son ; yes, crucified,
And to her heart it thrusts of daggers deals.

With resignation always true
She rises now, and from her mantle blue
She forms a cloak, and tender offers her support
To warm her child. Her's sent from heaven
above.

SURSUM CORDA.

Raise up your hearts ! with glorious delight,
For the time of grace now neareth,
When of wonders supreme, Melchisedech's rite,
Fills the Christian world that heareth.

We have raised them up at the Lord's request,
And surrounding the throne where the offering
lies,
Bow down to the earth, 'tis but meet and just,
Lo ! the saving redemption that never dies.

All hail is the moment and thrice sanctified
That unites heaven to earth at the Victim's com-
mand,
In this power vast legions of mortals confide,
Hail ! sing the choirs that eternally stand.

Blessed be forever the shadows that brought
Where the olives and vines of the Holy Land
thrived,
And the grandest triumph of love was wrought,
When with His flesh and blood He fainting souls
supplied.

Lamb of God! Lend our voices undying accords,
Fill our souls with the zeal of thy Seraphim's
strains
Let thy blessing descend through the militant worlds,
And alleluias ascend when our sojourning wanes.

THE BOY THAT NEVER RETURNED.

O'er the wide and storm tossed ocean
Sailed a poor and feeble lad,
Seeking health, the priceless fortune,
That so many hearts makes glad.

Kind and loving friends had ushered
To the ship his wasted form,
And the mother's hope seemed crushed
As the ship by billowy waves away was borne.

Safe he reached his destination
In the wild romantic land,
But his health continued failing
As the tide that leaves the strand.

One more trial, a farewell letter
To the anxious ones at home,
Then across the surging water
He cast his tearful eyes and moaned.

Soon the flickering light extinguished
O'er his face in anguish cast,
As the rays of setting sun diminished
He had faintly breathed his last.

Far from home and friends they laid him
Underneath the cedar's bough,
And for him the nightingale would sing,
Then spread her wings and sail amid the clouds.

THE DIVIDING WAYS.

Tread not, fair child, the wicked ways
Of vice and crime and sin,
Lest hastening wrath decrease thy days
And draw thy doomed soul in.

Keep battling on a little while,
Nerve for the combat day and night,
Beware the tempter's snare beguiles
The slumbering sentinel's vested rights.

Remember well thy destined end
Depends upon thy stewardship ;
The wind oft makes the willow bend,
Yet it may rise again so quick.

See that no gentle word pass by,
By honest friend in love expressed,
Without its share of gratitude
By every one possessed.

Bear with the trials of the sore,
Where sorrow sought to place her seat ;
Remember Him whose Passion bore
The world a boon, had ne'er a joy to greet.

See there are paths of two for thee,
The one is steep and shorn,
The other groans with lust and glee
And various sights its inns adorn.

Two stand at distance at the gates,
One teaches truth and better life,
His voice entrust thy soul and fate,
Heed not the demon's luring cries.

The valiant brave shall victory win
Who scorn the tempter's winning call,
Oh ! wouldest thou speed to follow him
Who beareth thee but fire and gall.

Be firm ! the steadfast see the light,
The cursed forever find no rest,
They howl in gloom of endless night,
The just shall live eternal blest.

PRIESTHOOD.

The holiest of vocations,
An office most sublime,
A life of famed orations,
In a Catholic Priest we find.

To better serve the heavenly King
He gladly offers health,
Now to an infant soul yet stained with sin
He confers grace and frees from death.

In after years, when ripened mind
Of child the good from bad discerns,
He marks the progress ever kind,
And sees the virtues which from him the child
has learned.

Still later on when Christ's own call
To youths and virgins is addressed,
It is the priest who consecrates
As 'round the altar on their knees they fall.

Then one by one in reverence come,
And from his hand receive the host,

And he that fared but one small crumb
Received as much as he that shared the most.

For this the banquet was that wrought
The miracles so wonderful and great,
That to the saints has ever brought
A Godspent victory, ever sin to hate.

And if the soul in later years
Mid ruin and disgrace,
To the confession of its sins appears,
He then again dispenses grace.

But farther still when cruel pangs
Of death doth show its fatal mark,
Again with love and grace he stands
And sacramental strength imparts.

And until consummation comes,
He faithfully abides,
Till dying lips in agonies moan,
I am resigned to die.

The sickness may a plague have been,
It matters not to him,
For even if it death may bring
Or some contagious ill,

He's always willing, full of yearn
To save a soul to fill a place
That heaven has in love retained
For those that die in faith.

He lives for love of human kind,
 He labors for the palm
Which once in realms beatified
 Will weave immortal laurels mid his crown.

THE MOST HALLOWED SPOT.

The most hallowed spot, if thou wouldst seek to find it, where, as it seems, the very air wafts sanctity, is the shade of the altar.

Trace but the pages of history and behold from the vail of Asia the odor and smoke-wreaths ascending from the altar, mingling with the balmy azure sky and losing itself in the endless realms of the universe.

The infant world adores its God,
From an altar crude and built with sod.

And leaving the home of our first parents, the world, multiplying and sinning, draws the wrath of heaven upon them and buries them beneath a watery grave. O desolation! Then hast thou seen thy nuptial day, when lone and void again the world, till

From the altar stōne once more,
Ascends the smoke and peace from heaven bore.

God the giver and sustainer cherishes and deals His grace unto all that seek for it. From the mountains and peaceful valleys of Canaan where the rivers flow gently their crystal waters reflecting in the

morning sunlight marches Abraham boldly trusting
in the Father of all Ages, nearing the enemy, and

As a gift of God comes he
Melchisedech the prophets see,
And offers pure and matchless wine
Until it thrive and flow from off another vine.

The hour of which all ages testify is near at hand,
when food from heaven shall lose its symbolity and
be the real. Yet rises the incense from the altar,
but the chosen are far away from one though they
have him in their midst ; and with the shades of
night fastly but silently falling o'er the land, sits the
Son of God immaculate and pure such as He was
and is forever, raising His eyes, those eyes the first,
unborn, eternal, until they pierce the heaven, and

Now the deed, the pledge is given,
His flesh is food, His blood is drink,
And had the heaven of its beauty riven
In homage bowed, none could assist him.

He gave as God could only give
What all the ages told for him,
And prophets saw whilst zeal inspired
Their reins and hearts with Paracletie fire.

And now he is with us until the consummation of
ages, the food of our souls, the divine banquet.

Let us humble ourselves before Him as man to
God ! Whose love is ever shining brighter than any
other perfection.

Oh, for the grace bestowed on the privileged that have Him in their midst ! He : the strength of the Martyrs, the fair bridegroom of wise and pure Virgins and the remedy as He is of all distresses, the comforter, the one and only author of our being.

Bow low before the sacred Rod
Adore with childlike faith thy God,
Who left His home to dwell with thee
The subject thou and king but He.

From there He sees the child in pain
And cleanses it from sin and stain,
Feeding it after with the bread
That giveth life unto the dead.

Lending the maiden strength and grace
That she may know her part and place,
Endowing the youth with fear of the Lord
To lighten his labors and earn a reward.

Consoling the sad and inspiring the just,
Awakening the wicked to penance and trust,
The aged's support and their blessing at last,
When their seed has been sown and their funeral has passed.

THE NUN OF MT. CARMEL.

Calm and beautiful mellow light
The chapel yet doth fill,
For soon, it being Thursday night,
A Sister yet must kneel.

It is her night alone to pray
And plead for future strength and grace,
Silent she treads the pensive aisles
Till she has reached the place

Where dwells the ever present One,
And quiet on her knees she sinks
And prays to Him, the Father's Son,
Meanwhile invisible choirs for her sing.

A solemn feeling o'er her hovers
As with the sight of faith she sees
The face of Jesus pale and bloodless,
His broken eyes yet filled with unshed tears.

And now the pleasant duty's done,
She wanders back to quiet cell
Till tapers lit and sound of gong
Recall her to the Matin song.

Who is the one that we did see
All robed in garb of snowy white,
Was she a pauper poor and weak,
Or some rich baron's sole delight?

Oh ! let this be as it may be,
For only out of love she went
To pray for those whose wicked blasphemy
A world of agony to Jesus dealt.

How happy once will be her day,
When God's own breath hath left her clay,
When other Sisters slow and sad
Consign her to their treasured dead.

Her name in heaven then is named,
As sweet as angels none but those can sing,
That like her do that die for gain,
That always were prepared to bring.

A willing heart, a model life,
Excluded from the worldly strife,
Abandoned earthly wealth and fame,
And therefore always did retain

That spotless innocence that bore
To Jesus' bride, the holy Catholic Church,
The list of saints revealed of yore,
Who have His words : My peace for such.

LOST EDEN.

I stood on the mountain and saw the sunset of gold
I llume with bright splendor the cities of old ;
'Fore my eyes rose visions of the vast realm of time
Portrayed fair and brilliant by faith e'er sublime.

Hoary ages rolled back as the march came along
To a time overflowing with flowers and song ;
Where embedded in sapphire glistening rivers of steel
Sang anthems of homage each wavelet revealed.

Calm as the air that wafted from heaven
Were a created two in this garden of Eden ;
Fair as a star that glimmers at night,
Pure was their souls as a gem's sparkling light.

Cool was the shade where the leaves of the tree
Trembled and lisped of a fate that would be ;
In its branches entwined lured the tempter his price,
To the world left his sting as a sacrifice.

O day ! that thou hadst ne'er been born.
O deed ; that thou couldst be undone.
For see the curse that follows thee
In woe and death's relentless misery.

Tinted clouds turned to tempest the dumb sought
after prey,
And flowers first born withered away in a day ;
But the doom truly sought now transplanted to
shame,
Could ne'er be effaced by oceans of rain.

A voice from above, though hidden from view,
Pronounced endless woe on the unhappy two ;
Clad in fire and wrath an angel from heaven
Dispelled them forever from the Garden of Eden.

Woe to the man and woe to the woman
That shall tread the path of this thoughtless sinning ;
Man created to bliss in the sweat of thy brow,
Shalt thou weary toil and labor now.

Sad and alone, deprived of fair Eden,
Prayed the penitent two, and the Father in heaven
Bent down from His throne, so God-like divine,
And promised redemption in the fulness of time.

Again wafted peace at the bidding of God,
Sweet flowers bloomed profusely and dew fed the sod,
On the first born of nature shone the sun's dazzling
light,
One robed with the morn and one with the night.

They offer their gifts as a memento of Eden,
From the altar of homage rose the odor to heaven,
But the serpent that crept lured again one to win,
When Cain slew his brother O accursed was the sin.

And accursed was the lot and branded the brow
Of the son of a parent so heartbroken now,
But the blood of the victim the fruit of a sin
Pierced the clouds and invoked dire vengeance on
him.

He fled to the mountain, he fled to the brook,
But the slain one entombed stared with a glassy
look,
O'er his guilty brow blew the night winds his locks,
An outcast forever his end be besought.

THE DYING EXILE.

Beneath the lurid sky of Egypt
An exile lay and wept aloud,
For days and nights he raged in fever
And called aloud for help and vowed.

Away from friends and cherished parents
That long ago had mourned him dead,
In bitter anguish 'mid the natives
Now he lay, his clothing was his only bed.

In buoyant youth he sailed from home,
For wealth and fame his heart was craving,
And little then he thought such days would come
And find him destitute and dying.

His feeble voice no loving mother
Could hear and soothe her darling boy,
But swarthy Arabs came first one and then another
And passed him by but left him there alone to die.

A little bird his lay was singing
Amongst the bushes that grew by
The grassy sward where he lay dreaming
How soon that he would have to die.

He saw once more the setting sun
 Encircle all in dazzling light,
And whispered soft : O Mother, come
 And see your darling boy alone to-night !

He quivered faint and looked above
 The stars where soon he'd roam,
And shivering cried : Oh ! how I'd love
 To die, if die I must, at home.

The evening breeze was playing soft
 Among his locks and on his brow,
Relentless death did silent mark
 The simple words, I have thee now.

Just then the moon arose in silver,
 Once more he cried : O Mother, hear
My dying words, farewell ! Then with a quiver
 Closed his eyes, the troubled soul had fled.

BEAUTIFUL HOURS.

I love the sacred hours of Sabbath, each sainted
hour's caressing rest,
When songs and prayers ascend to Him, the God
Jehovah blest,
And incense rises heavenward, before the sacra-
mental shrine,
There lies the price of love, Oh ! was there ever
more sublime.

I love to hear the organ peal, with its soul-inspir-
ing strains,
It does its mission well, my spirit joins the choir's
sweet refrain ;
Each taper's light, so pure and still, in silent adora-
tion gleaming,
The flowers that raise their tender heads, whilst
from their waxen cups a sacred perfume
seems e'er streaming.

And faith receives new strength, the soul with more
than earthly peace
Could speed the moments on that mortal bonds
release,
And see beyond the veil, what here imprisoned lies,
Whose majesty divine beneath this lowly form abides.

A stream of grace perpetual flows from e'er increasing source of grace,
Ah ! could the soul but here repose, the tempter could not win his race ;
The saddened find consoling bliss, the weary find their rest,
And all that eat this angel food shall rise forever blest.

Unseen the angel bands descend and hover o'er the scene,
To bear aloft the prayers of all that breathe within these hallowed realms,
Who wish each mortal well, from wrong and evil free,
Would lend a brother's hand of love to him who yet abides in misery.

Oh ! that the world, who by this love redeemed,
Would trust their fate unto this sheltering nook,
Whose signal bright, the Magi from the east have seen,
Their constant guide o'er mountains steep and gushing streams, and brooks.

Oh ! that a tongue possessed the power
To sing the homage of these beauteous hours ;
Oh ! that each heart like Francis' burn with fire,
Prepared each moment to depart and join Jerusalem's eternal choir.

THE QUEEN'S BLESSING.

Deep silence reigned throughout the hall, where
 Castile's queen enthroned
 In regal splendor, sat supreme ;
 Coruscant light now filled the dome,
 And weaved enchantment o'er the gorgeous scene.

Around her brilliant throne, in reverent awe,
 The hosts of loyal courtiers stood ;
 Each glittering helmet seemed to draw
 A halo for the cavalier's good.

The hours that sped now bore the time
 Unto the scene, a royal one ;
 And when the court had formed in line,
 Columbus knelt in homage—he, fair Genoa's des-
 tined son.

His heart was yearning for the goal
 That lends to mystic bands of fame
 Undying zeal ; the surpliced priest, with stole,
 Invoked the heaven's aid upon his aim.

Then rose the queen and consecrated loud
 Unto the care of Him whose bleeding heart

Upon the holy rood was pierced ; then bowed,
Her royal blessing to impart.

A gracious smile her lips adorn ;
She raised her eyes beyond the skies,
As if the cerulean blue of morn
Revealed a glimpse of the divine, she cried :

Then cross the seas whose billowy waves
Shall rise and fall upon your sails,
And distant birds shall bring the airs
From unknown shores of beauty rare.

When forth the sun in lustrous light
Dispels the shades of silent night,
Shall chimes of cloistered sweetness peal
And all thy country's kindred kneel.

But when the day has died away,
And evening shadows dance and play,
And gentle voice of brook and stream
Glide softly by 'neath starry sheen,

Then shall the vesper anthem sing,
The lips and hearts that beat for Him
Whose voice the troubled waters stilled,
And with the loaves the legions filled.

May faith its fragrant garland twine
Upon thine brow and following band,
Nor moon and stars e'er cease to shine
Till yon anointed cross implanted stands.

Pray that your bark, the Mystic Queen,
 Take under the shelter of her wing ;
That when the clouds mid raging storm
 Doth seek your ruin, she protect you from all
 harm.

Sing her praises and cherish her love,
 That fills the earth and the heavens above ;
And her gentle eye with effulgent light
 Will guide safe her bark through the watches of
 night.

Then all was still, so solemn quiet,
 As if the reaper of death had come
Among the multitude and tied
 Their very hearts and breath and tongue.

But the tears that flowed they fell like rain,
 And the walls now re-echoed the heart throbbing
 pain
Of the noble sons and braves of Spain
 That happily lived 'neath her generous reign.

Then the fairy that lent her ethereal charms
 Touched her sylvan wand and swept them away,
And the winds sighed a requiem, the glittering arms
 Were encrusted with rust and four centuries decay.

EQUALIZED.

Success and failures, joys and woes
Have taken their leave, naught remains,
And the reaper content, tarries long e'er he goes,
From the victim shorn of its pains.

Be it king or pauper, friend or foe,
No earthly power can stay his call ;
In his ghastly march all mortals must go,
From the rise of the sun to its shadowy fall.

He takes from the infant the perfumy breath,
Ere yet it tasted life's sorrow or joy,
And the frail tender blossom he clasps it in death,
Claiming these as his share what all hope must
destroy.

A bright child meets his gaze, one of gladness and
bliss,
Without warning or call his sting he imparts,
The grave opens wide, a last parting kiss,
Are all that remain of the bright glowing spark.

In her bridal array of immaculate white
Stands a virgin in life to be wed,

Ere the first shadows creep that herald the night,
Lies the broken lily, each heart-throb now dead.

A mother had gathered her fond ones once more
To her side, and with tears of her heart doth she
weep,
Her task first begun, each trial she bore,
Will soon cease forever in her painless sleep.

Where the breezy sway of the banners unfurled,
And the trumpets inspired the combatants brave,
Lie the armies in death, from fame's pinnacle hurled,
No incense or prayer wafts over their graves.

Old age seeks its doom when all others have fled,
Gently awaiting the time for the realms of its
flight,
And the same mother earth must provide yet a bed
For the slumbering clay through the seasonless
nights.

THE OLD YEAR'S FAREWELL.

Slowly down the path of life
Cares and joys are fast decreasing,
Painful often was the strife ;
Hark ! the funeral bell is peeling,

Telling all that wish to hear
That one more soul has left this year,
That a soul hath sought her rest,
Gone to heaven to join the blessed.

For this soul the cares are ended,
As she stands, all robed in white,
Before His throne in adoration bended,
All aglow with mellow light.

Now she sees what mortal eyes have never seen,
What the pride of man hath lost,
What for all His cherished could have been,
What His precious blood has bought.

Sees Him in her Father's home,
Watching e'er with tender love,
Bidding all : O, loved ones ! come
To His heavenly home above.

Sees the Cherubim adoring,
Hears the Seraphim imploring,
And the powers plead Him most
For a soul that near was lost.

And the saints are ever standing
Looking at the spotless Lamb,
Who on earth their only comfort,
And to whom they ever chant.

Jesus' sweetest love has bought,
Bought our souls which once were lost ;
For this we will ever bring
Humility's sweetest offering.

FAITH.

Faith ! What a charm lies in the word, and what a deep meaning does it convey.

How does it thrill our souls with ecstasy and enthusiasm?—grander and nobler than all earthly honors and pleasures in harmony can give.

They are transitory and perish, oft of a day's birth are their duration. But Faith remains with us from the cradle to the grave. It gives us strength to perform deeds of heroism, not for praise or recompense, but simply because a higher reward awaits the charitable.

Faith is the foundation and groundwork of all that is inspiring, and faith alone produces good works. When the heart is bubbling over with joy and feasting in delight, then faith is the heart's most pleasant companion.

But when the heart has been deprived of that which seems near and dear, and overcome with sadness, groans beneath the weight of its burden and cries for solace, then faith is the only consolation.

If the world would be guided by faith it would be equal to the difference, and vastly more between a bed of thistles transformed into fragrant roses. Where is the end of its bounds?

Hourly, day after day arrive the pilgrims knocking at the portal of eternity. None have ever remained within this bondage, though many would desire it, scorning their one opportunity to accomplish their end, and gain a laurel of immortality's bliss for their labors.

Faith with its destiny is for all. The monarch of a nation gathers his entrusted subjects beneath his mighty protection, when danger and destruction threatens them, yet his solicitude is limited to a nation. Faith seeks its way into the hearts of all nations, tribes and zones. For so is it written :

They shall testify from the utmost parts of the world, and blessed are they. Who could then be negligent of so precious a gem !

Who would not be filled to overflowing with zeal to see this glorious heaven's bestowed cause reign supreme, regulate our desires, animate our speech, influence our actions, and lastly, steer us into the haven of safety. May the blessing of Faith bring fruit in these times of peace as it has inflamed the hearts of a countless multitude that have departed and found their goal.

Beneath the royal robe of faith
The world can find its rest.
Woe, woe to him who dying saith
My chance is gone, and 'twas not blest!

THE SHEPHERD'S LOT.

Behold, O world, the priceless boon of love
Brought down from messengers above,
In stilly night of crystallized splendor,
To shepherds' realms divinely meek and tender.

Not where the warmth of down caressing soothes
But where the jeweled heaven human measures
 lose
And sanctity with humbleness held seat,
There was the holiest babe placed at her feet.

Long ere the sunrise kissed Judean hills
Shall heaven jubilant be stilled.

Where borne by breezes from the throne
Of Him whose Godness through them shone,
Soared downward in transcendent light ;
Angels of joy, their's was the night.

Not to the monarch's tottering bounds,
Not to the sages yet uncrowned ;
Low to the simple reared and meek,
Shepherds installed, did the angels seek.

Oh for the destined that sped to the spot,
Light for their darkness and a princedom their lot,
Knowing but duty and the voice of their God
Beckoning the watchful that dwelt with their flock.

Ere by the bugle the day-king was graced,
In slumber enfolded his creatures embraced,
Sped the eager and saw by the light of a star
The fruit of a virgin who had come from afar.

MOMENTS OF BLISS.

There are moments when the spirit wanders
 Back to hours of infant bliss,
O'er one spot it lingering ponders,
 Where a mother gave her first-born kiss.

Where a mother took her tender offspring,
 Clasped it to her breast, her joy complete,
Scorned the world's entrancing pleasures
 For just one step of her loved one's tiny feet.

Those moments they were precious spent
 When one was happy and one was content,
But I knock now in vain at time's warped and
 Shriveled door,
For a sign above its entrance dimly reads, "No
 more."

Within the chamber's pillaged
 The union too is rent,
She sleeps a pace beyond the village,
 The one that was content.

And the little feet have long since trodden
 O'er the various paths of life,

Sometimes right and often faltering,
In the tangled net of strife.

Often groaning 'neath the burden
Of a heartless stinged reproach,
Castles dreamed of, shattered, buried
By a tongue's malicious stroke.

If a friend should rise against thee,
Undermine your heart's ease earned,
Cast your name upon the highways,
Then you human ways have learned.

Let this scene, then, rise before you,
Saying, see your mother loved ;
Pardon him whom you despises,
Reap your harvest once above.

SUPPLICATION.

Almighty Father, lend Thy listening ear,
Thy child in pain would pray to Thee ;
Thou holdest in Thy hand all spheres,
Oh ! couldst Thou then forsake me.

Maker of all my eye can view,
The silent space o'erhead ;
Of nature ages man and brute,
Without Thy bidding ever dead.

Leave not Thine image to be slain,
Of that which I must bring adorned—
My soul ! Oh ! clothe Thou it again
With innocence, such as when it was born.

Thou art my one ambition, such can but thrill my
veins,
Then give once more a pardon, infuse Thy godly
will,
Then all may fall around me—may o'er and o'er
again
My soul be plunged in sorrow. I shall be
still.

Oh ! let me see Thy signal bright, where'er the clime
may be,

And thither shall I roam, my habitation build ;
Stamp but the seal of hope's sweet ecstasy,

All that is mine I will forsake—and were it crown
and guild.

From Thee is all. To Thee again
Flows back, that bars and chains can ne'er hold
bound ;

Then since I'm here, but not forever to remain.

Oh ! make my life and deeds the victor's ground.

TWILIGHT OF SABBATH MORN.

Comes the twilight of morn when the queen of dead
midnight

Gathers in her stray vassals and seeks her retreat,
With her dew and her stars and her soft beams of
moonlight

She bids earth quickly farewell lest the day she
must greet.

From the east, in the heavens, the heralds of day
Spread their trappings so royal and beautiful
fringed,

Now forth comes the day-king in glittering array
And decks nature's garb with life's loveliest tinge.

Awakening the orioles with plumage of gold,
So merrily to chirp now their anthem of praise,
Haloing the mountain crests, wild, stern and bold,
Dispelling the mists by his arrowy rays.

Renewing the chant of the e'er busy bee,
Opening each petal for his tiny winged flock,
Kissing e'en the waves of the troubled deep sea,
Blending the lone isle's distantest rock.

Sing, then, my soul, on this Sabbath morn,
Lay of thy praise, and hasten to meet,
Blessings that shadow e'en the rays of the sun,
To the shrine of God's love where His mercy
holds seat.

Bring Him thy gift of a heart so contrite,
Asking for much though deserving of none,
Pleading at most His love to unite,
Making thine His and leaving but one.

DEATH OF ST. PANCRATIUS.

A noble mother's virtuous son,
With all the traits of ancient Roman blood
inspired,
Save one. For many sad and helpless stood
In darkness, yet enslaved. Within him glowed
the zeal of Christian fires.

From infancy, observant to the law
Of church and pontiff, though hidden yet from
view,
The pagan tyrant, thus spurned to fury, stood aghast
and saw
Each daily fête of blood, the number of the Chris-
tian ranks renew.

To open combat with the raving hordes
That spurned his choice, it caused his heart to leap,
And from his harp wrung joyous chords,
I hail thee, morn of triumph ! No more I'll weep.

Like burnished gold its lustre holds,
And gems that sparkle from their inmost depths,
His sainted mother shapes and molds
This princely soul for heaven's contest.

To Rome's arenic theatre of blood the multitude
that craves

To see his limpid eyes to-day have rushed
Amid the trumpets blare and banners sways,
As if by magic 'fore their gaze he stands. The
human sea is hushed.

With lofty mien and smile, so heavenly benign—
Disturb him not. The silver cloud that calms the
storm;

'Tis peaceful now, yet for his blood they pine,
The passions drink his life blood crimson warm.

The tempting tyrant leaves the throne,
With flattering terms and shimmering state;
But of his vows, the youth hears none,
With raptured eyes impatiently awaits his fate.

Who spurns the grace the tyrant cries,
With foaming rage and bated breath,
And demons flashing from his eyes,
Thy lot is cast; thy price is death.

His death-knell given. A steer appears
With its ferocious glare and sweeps the sands.
It seeks its victim. But does it fear?
For lo! It sees him now. 'Tis docile as a lamb.

The charms of a sorcerer, cries the fear-stricken
crowd,
As they espy a gold locket that jewels his neck;
'Tis the blood of my father, the blood from his brow,
Who died where I stand. 'Tis all I have left.

I long for his rest. Oh, chasen it not !
But the panther, “ ‘twas his,” oh, bring it to me !
A panther ? ’Tis well ! It shall soon be thy lot ;
His howl shall be hushed by the death-wail of
thee.

Once more to the cage, the panther is free,
With its eyes of green fire and gigantic spring,
It spurns thus its victim, a last joyous plea,
And the soul of Pancratius has taken its wings.

TEARS.

Thou wast born into the world an infant weak and small,

Thy first born gift a tear as yet to thee unknown,
Upon thy tender face it glistened still so loath to fall,
Its charms it would not lose through life have never flown.

Little by little then came reason and knowledge united,

Many were the plays of thy childhood's happy days,
Few yet the tears, though, when they fell, always blighted
Some fond hope deprived of its rapturous sway.

Passionate pleasures reined yet thy ambition,

Friends came and went as the shining white frost,
Agonies lay buried and trials, like visions,
Rose and sank round thy ship so unwary tossed.

The tide has now turned and storms gather in

On thy manhood prepared for the battle of life ;
Defiant and brave, often tempted to sin,

Gentle tears soothe thy soul when most bitter is strife.

Youthful revels forgotten, the furrows of care
Are tracing their lines and darkening thy brow,
Thou couldst envy the dumb or the haunt of his lair,
Time has dealt many changes, thou see'st it now.

Back again comes the tide and clings to the strand,
Thou art gently descending, thy time beaten oar
Is severing the waves, thou sightest safe land,
And the ages departed are thine never more.

Peaceful quiet has smoothed thy tempest swept brow,
And chastened her furrows, encircled in white ;
Age's haloes and tears closely wedded do now
Prepare for the journey thy soul for the night.

ANTHEM OF TWILIGHT.

Calm and gentle the evening breeze
Wafts my thoughts onward ; the daylight declines
Wishing forever its stay, not its leave,
Awaiting the stars merry twinkle and shine.

Hearing the rush of the clear waterfalls,
Dispersing the sprays of its dewladen veil ;
Hearing the voice of the boatman's call,
Scanning the deep lest a wind for his sail.

Chasing a bird from its leafy retreat,
Basking in twilight's shadowy haze,
Warbling its lay ere its dreamless sleep,
Donning its hood of deep tinted maze.

Inhaling the perfume of the fragrant wild rose,
Treading the sweet-scented grass so profuse ;
Creeping so quiet the day in its close,
Lies in its grandeur each gem so diffuse.

Giving courage, the fire-fly, fleet on the wing,
Darting in liberty, so agile and small ;

From the heart of the wild wood the hares sprightly
spring,
Frolicking in mirth 'neath the hemlocks, stately and
tall.

Decking so solemn the churchyard and dome,
With its shining white marble and cluster-wreathed
scrolls;
Here the pilgrim finds rest, the body a home,
The soul flying upwards awaiting its goal.

Lending the convent chimes silvery tone,
Calling their fold to the rest of the just,
Chasing the shadows where agonized moan,
Whispering sweet solace: In God put your trust.

THE RALLY.

They came along, a seeming endless throng,
With drum and fife and joyous song ;
Beneath the silentness of night
Each marcher bore his torch so bright.
The patriarchs, with flowing beards,
Exerted all their strength and speed
As if they bore their nation's gilded rod ;
Statelier than they none had trod.
Bearing their heart's ambition, perhaps the last,
They know the fleeting hours, 'tis why their hearts
beat fast.
Once had they paved their idol's steep ascent,
Regardless of the sacred bonds it rent.
Higher than theirs no fame need rise,
Within this sun-kissed land below the skies.
The young were there, the innocent and fair,
Who saw but sheer delight at every glance ye every-
where,
And banners floated, full unfurled their stars and
stripes,
Waving their tidings of peace from above, this festive
night.
Then came the crowning sight,
Drawn by the steeds so white,

Columbian maidens robed in white,
Singing a hymn, their hearts so light.
Each state its bridesmaid found this night ;
They sang a song, so old yet ever new,
My country, 'tis of thee, 'tis mine and 'tis for you,
Each faithful lover of her soil,
Who at her hearths rejoice and toil,
Who gloried in her infant pride,
With voice of one accord their fate e'en now to her
confide.

Had all Arabian pomp and glitter
Stepped on the scene, with all its oriental flutter,
It could have seen its own bright fairy lamps
Reflecting o'er the multitude whose ardor would not
damp.

They seemed a tribe from every zone
Uniting 'neath the hollowed autumn dome.
Proudly they bore their torches on,
Wild was the air with mirth and song,
Vast and imposing the jubilant throng,
As they marched for their leader and victory won.

THE TRAMP.

'Twas dawning night, the rain in torrents gushed,
Each little bird, in cozy nook, was stowed away ;
The swelling brook, its noisy song did lull,
But sad was he, his voice was hushed.

No friend to help, no foe to harm,
He weary toiled his way in thought perplexed ;
What bliss would be a fire to warm,
Such visions are not real but only vex.

The dreary cheerless night, and one of darkness,
No glimmering ray of sympathetic moon to
guide,
Though firesides he saw, the homes of many heart-
less,
For outcasts do no warmth and light provide.

A sad and woeful lot, 'twas his to bear,
And yet 'twas always not such bitter fate ;
Upon this storm-tossed wreck some light had rested
there,
But to recall it now he thought 'twas—"ah ! too
late."

Remorse was his, and grief too deep for human
tongue to tell,
But where the beckoning haven that bringeth
hope and cheer ;
A spark of grace was spared him when he fell ;
'Twill through the stormy night him safely steer.

He is king of the vagrants, a vast ruling empire,
From the crest of the mount to the shore of the sea,
A monarch dethroned that no awe can inspire,
He ekes out his life in this land of the free.

From the cold cruel blasts of winter he fled
To the warm sunny South where the orioles sing,
And the soft dewy grass can provide him a bed,
There he reigns in his kingdom no one envious
of him.

IN MEMORIAM.

One morning in mid winter, ere sunbeams sought
the earth,
And in an humble cottage they gathered round the
hearth ;
They missed, this morn, one sweet mild face with
dimples deep and rare,
For she lay upon her little couch, death's angel had
been there.

Without the snow-birds lightly chirped and sought
their daily food,
But the little maid that fed them oft, and in their
midst had stood,
Saw not the droves that settled down and sat on
leafless trees,
For her virgin soul had taken wings with the day's
saluting breeze.

So silent was the maiden breast, so still the youthful
heart,
And still the fond ones round her press and weep-
ingly depart ;

A chaplet blest, yet clasped she in her hands
As if they for her should proclaim, thus shall I near
God stand.

They clad her in a robe of white, for white is innocence,
And o'er her brow of raven curls a wreath of flowers bent,
The same pale petals, buds and leaves
That crowned her glowing temples when, on devoted knees,

She at the banquet ate that heavenly food
Of which such grace had come that kept her always good;
And there she lay a lily fair, and lily like adorned,
Like the snow that 'neath her window in pearly whiteness shone.

Then tapers at her head they placed, and fixed her sightless gaze
Out o'er the snow-clad hillocks, and to the wood's blue haze,
Till they bore her to the church-yard's consecrated bed,
Where, beneath the wintry sward, she sleeps now with the dead.

The Sabbath sun is bidding adieu to the day,
peering forth from a cloud of royal purple and amber,
faintly showering its farewell tinge of loveliness o'er the hallowed mounds of the cemetery.

This silent undisturbed city, with its white granite shafts, its unadorned crosses, beautiful in the simplicity of their sculpture, with the frosted feathery grass waving like the foam of the wintry sea o'er the consecrated dead.

As if stamped with a stigma of peace, the quietude preaches its sermon to the listening ear, and the breezes coming and going have lost their melancholy wail, and breathe of rest, ever seeming as if they said :

Before you reach these stilly gates,
All strife has ceased and ended.

A flood of recollections rush through the mind,
and restless yet the attentive pilgrim can hear :

See how ambition lieth low,
Beneath the shroud of winter snow.
How tranquil is their dreamless sleep,
As gentle as the slumbering sheep,
Who seek no harm but meekness preach,
And harm can never more them reach.
The philosopher lies, of his learning shorn,
By the guileless form of a mother's first born,
A maiden robbed of her youthful charms,
And a youth who never encountered a storm,
A mother whose pride was her doveling's bereft,
And a father whose leave broken ties has left.

Whither are they gone?

The young and the old, the great and the small,
Resting side by side 'neath the grave-yard's pall.

Look but above and ask thy faith.

How dear to me are the blessed acres containing so much that was precious and near.

Dearer is that which sleeps beneath the turf.
More revered and sacred the hallowed breast where once beat a heart overflowing with compassion and noble sentiment.

Yet tread we the streets of mortality, but are we content?

Onward and onward we strive, for a holier destination is our aim.

A purer air would fain we breathe,
Where strife and envy blossom not,
But love from steeples ring and sound,
Where time its end no name begot,
And peace forever abounds,
No sin the joy to mar or grieve.

TREASURES OF THE DEEP.

Rare sparkling gems of fabulous wealth untold,
The bosom of the storm-tossed sea doth hold,
'Mid rugged reefs of coral red
And glistening pearls that form a snowy bed.

The fish do frolic at their will,
With shining fins and maizy hues ;
And with their eyes, with rapture thrilled,
Scan playfully the deep sea blue.

The sun in splendor from above
Doth never penetrate the deep,
And yet, the space with life doth move
As flying meteors that at night appear.

The brilliant gems are there to stay,
For those are realms that prove
The greatness of the universe
That Providence divine doth rule.

CHIEF OGLEHEAD'S FAREWELL.

Fleecy clouds were gayly gathering
O'er Columbia's western sky,
Faint and worried, poor and chattering
Oglehead was lying. Soon to die.

Warriors brave were gathering in
Once more to view his noble brow,
Absorbed in sad reflections 'mid the din
Of haunted beasts and hooting owls.

The mighty monarch of the woods,
He whispered low, is calling me;
O happy king with youthful brood
I envy thee for power and glee.

Had I thy strength to crush the foe
That robbed of me my wooded home,
Whose mighty reign hath bowed me low,
His answer was the night wind's moan.

Silent and mute the braves remain;
Only the voice of the chief is heard
Counting the names of his brave ones slain,
Roaming now in the peaceful worlds.

Now he's commanding where he must lie,
E'er another sun has gone down in the West ;
With his bow and arrow at his side,
For his truant weapons must share his rest.

O'er his repose they must dance and sing ;
Chastise their bodies and burn his wood,
Smoke his pipe and drink his gin,
Glory his death in a frolicking mood.

Die in peace thou child of the woods,
Thy stolen rights thee glory wins ;
Thy warpath trod thy wigwams that stood—
Live on through thy braves and their following
kin.

MOTHERHOOD.

Alone in silent meditation wrapped,
Her feeble hands so gently resting in her lap,
Upon her brow the silver wand of age,
Telling its tale truer than poet or sage.

Her soft dimmed eyes of tender sympathy,
Devoid of passion's fire yet full of love,
And graceful smile of rare antiquity,
Vieing in meekness the peace breathing dove.

Her gentle tread ever eager to seek human woe,
And a soothing caress that banishes frowns,
A world full of comfort for the weary and low,
Thus she changes distress to the softest of down.

A heart full of patience, both tried and elected,
Bears she fitting a share of the cross of her Lord,
For her most signal favor grateful children selected,
Her course near at end, now awaiting reward.

From the days of creation, and long ere that time,
Was her name that of mother inscribed,
When the heavens were alone, infant stars erst yet
shined,
'Twas then God decreed : In the mother confide.

Then came man's creation, and then came the fall
From the hearts of lone creatures in their pitiful
state,
And o'er the earth gathered death its icy pall,
Of one mother the fairest an angel relates.

Though many wear crowns and shimmer in state,
Basking e'er in life's pleasures, never thinking of
death,
A mother cannot, she knows earthly fate
When a slab of white marble is all she has left.

Then to mother's fair memory burn the bright light
immortal,
'Tis but the share our deep affection can bring
And when once her soul enters heavenly portals
We know that her glory the angels will sing.

OUR WASHINGTON.

History's pages filled with valor
Wrought through trial's cruel blast,
Strewing aches and deathly pallor
Sought its end of strife at last.

Behold him thus ! with fiery passion
For liberty, not fame and state,
Arousing hearts and urging mercy
Upon the vanquished regal's fate.

Leading brave the truant heroes
From the hills and dales of yore,
Charging graceful, dauntless, fearless,
On Columbia's rugged shore.

Waging war for independence—
Gaining victory, proud banners sway ;
Cling with zeal his brave descendants,
America, fair bride, thou saw her nuptial day.

Those days have fled, that bore us concord,
On wings of bloodshed's bitter draught ;
Our priceless gift is peace—our comfort
Was a dying moan for those it wrought.

Hail, fair Columbia's honored knight,
Who dauntless true and ever royal,
Has ope'd the gate of liberty's light
And paved her path with honesty's dial.

Bright lives thy name in memory's charm,
From the chilled northern snows to the balmy
South,
And in each true heart, so loyal and warm,
Burns thy undying fame that never will out.

Ages will dawn o'er thy cherished wide lands ;
Valor will e'er be her most willowy palm ;
Nations will seek her, and clasp heart and hands,
Hymning thy fame in her national psalms.

CALAMITY.

Dark clouds had hovered all the day
O'er the befated town ;
The fearful calm that now prevailed
Betokened ghastly mourn.

A warning came, a flying steed
All bathed with sprays of foam ;
The rider gasped : Oh leave and flee !
Then like a gust of wind was gone.

But many stayed and saw at once,
The awful truth that he had told,
For surging waves, like angry tongues
Of fire, certain death foretold.

The maddened waves now heaved and lashed,
As furies in their utmost power,
And on the city hungry dashed,
And in its whirlpool all devoured.

The cry that from a mother's lips was wrenched,
As filled with horror and distress
She to her breast her infant clutched,
Of faintest hope her soul bereft,

Was drowned by howling sounds
Such as the animals enraged
Bring forth when hunted down,
And wounded in their blood do lay.

How few remained to tell the woes
Of human hearts now gone,
Of cheerful homes now bleak and cold,
Devoid of warmth and joyous songs.

Beneath the church-yard's placid stones of marble
white,
That crown the mounds of green and flowers,
The treasured dead repose ; in solemn peace they lie,
Whilst Providence divine their narrow homes
with nature's beauty covers.

ASSUMPTION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

Surrounded by rays of supernal splendor,
She cast off the dreary cold mantle of death,
Thus proved by her grace the infinite grandeur
Of Him, who on Calvary hung sad and bereft.

The tomb, filled with perfume of fragrant roses,
Opened wide, and her immaculate body shone
forth
As a morning star, that its lustre diffuses
As it follows, according to dictates of heaven, its
course.

No pageant of earth was called for her triumph,
But the heralds of heaven, her coming proclaimed,
In flowing robes of rainbow, tinted
With sparkling prisms of jewel-decked trains.

No monarch or king was e'er so rich robed ;
No purer joy by man yet tasted,
As the voice of her gentle soul burst forth,
In exultant praise to Him who her awaited.

The clouds parted wide and the moon shone forth,
With its beams of rare and radiant light ;
But higher the Virgin and angels did soar,
Leaving the earth wrapped in the sombre silence
of night.

To the beautiful throne, in the emerald city,
They escorted her then and hailed her as queen ;
And from the one eternal Deity
She received her reward in the mystic realms.

And from henceforth on with burning desire
To once see her children around her throne ;
She reigns heaven's queen with saintly choirs,
She praises the Spirit, the Father and Son.

EASTER TIDINGS.

O sound the harps ye sweet angelic choirs,
Sing forth in glorious hymns of jubilee
Ye cherubs bright, with souls aglow with fire,
Of love and heavenly revelry.

O glorious morn, the fairest and serene,
Of days the happiest, most hallowed blest ;
Triumphant morn, no victory hath been
So full of glory ; calm thy rest.

O Easter morn, we hail thy dawn ;
O Saviour of man, in Thy power risen,
We bow in awe at Thy majesty won ;
Our adoration all to Thee be given.

O beautiful tomb, now quiet and deserted,
Wherein the treasure of love was laid,
Who, through thy power, the darkness converted
To brilliant light of ne'er waning day.

O standard of faith, in thy revealed resurrection,
In countless numbers the faithful do flock
To pay thee their homage ; in thy exaltation,
To feast and with thee rejoice.

Around this faith our hope is centered,
And once our fair morn shall appear,
When our souls through the portals of love shall
enter,
And greet our fair Lord in the heavenly spheres.

MIDNIGHT SCENES.

The winds are howling their dismal tunes
Through the streets that are laden with snow,
And the feeble rays of the winter moon
In the western sky are sinking low.

The homes of wealth are closed for the night,
And the dying embers, flickering faint,
Are shedding a weird and fanciful light
O'er the tranquil face of a pictured saint.

'Tis the hour of midnight ! From the lofty spire
The fleeting of time is tolling its chant
Like the ponderous notes of a jubilee choir,
And the melodious tone of a choral kant.

Beneath the height of this sombre spire
The soft melting flame of the altar lamp
Is spreading its light for the worshiping choirs
That are keeping their watch for the Sacrament.

Hark ! The cloistered nuns are crossing the aisles
To chant the lay of the new born day,
In their flowing garb and heaven-born smile
They are eager to come at this hour to pray.

At the mystical throne of this fountain of grace
They offer their share of grateful hearts,
Thus clothe their souls with the armor of faith
The visit now made they silent depart.

'Tis the hour of midnight ! In a bleak wretched
hovel
Lies a fragile mother sick unto death ;
'Gainst the merciless cold, no warm bed or cover
Save her pallet of straw. 'Tis all she has left.

In this home of the poor, the friendless, forsaken,
The frost plays at havoc on window and stair ;
Oh ! where are the kin these shadows to chasten
From these dying lips to banish despair ?

'Twill all soon be over ! The heart-rending wail
Will have fled with the fleeting of time,
And the bitter cup she hath drank to the dregs
Will have changed from the myrrh to the purest
of wine.

'Tis the hour of midnight ! In a vile-reeking den
The low and depraved are casting away
Their pearls for lust's pleasures. When, oh ! when,
Will the light of virtue pierce their hearts with
one ray ?

To the high and low the tempter doth speed,
And many he lures thus to ruin and sin ;
Of their beauty bereft they follow his steed
Which leads to perdition and secures them for him.

The shadow of night doth cover their crimes,
For the dark veil of nature no secret betrays ;
But the mills of God's justice that steadily grind
Await in flamed wrath the end of their prey.

'Tis a night in the city ; 'tis but one of the many
That make their appearance with the setting sun ;
And oft, yet these scenes of one night will continue
Till the last fatal night—the coming of One.

A DREAM.

A dream, 'tis but a fitful vision
That opens portals wide for all ;
It lacks the truth, it lacks decision,
'Tis but a sight from unseen calls.

It often times, in balmy bliss,
Surrounds the fair recipient,
With mockery fair imprints a kiss
Upon the slow delinquent.

It often times, through cities large,
Through crowded streets and places,
Midst thundering roar of armies' call,
Shows to his eyes strange faces.

It often times unites in sorrow
Fond loving hearts in different lands,
Yet makes them sigh when on the morrow
Proves that illusions were their dreams, bare
as the sands.

NOVEMBER DAYS.

November days are here,
Weird wintry winds are blowing ;
Earth's raiment now presents a bier,
Her garb of verdure she fast away is stowing.

A dismal pose her leafless trees
Present to man, and hours of sunshine
Have sped away. The busy bees
Themselves to winter's rest resign.

Her summer minstrels' chirp is gone,
Their haunts and nests deserted
For sunny climes elsewhere, beyond
The reach of man created.

Dark threatening clouds, mid angry sounds
Of thunder's roll and nature's moan,
Appear and leave, whilst hunted down
The sportsman's game doth roam.

No perfumed petal of fragrant flower
Reveals its beauty, stripped of their leaves,
Nude and barren ; the autumnal showers
Reflect in the twilight and hasten the eves.

A MOTHER'S DEATH.

Tread gently and quiet if once more you would view,
By the flickering light of the candle, her face,
Lest the anguishing sob, she is uttering for you,
Die away e'er you reach the agonized place.

Place her transparent hand to your lips full of love,
Tell her troubled heart your bitter sorrow
For the numberless acts of child's folly that drove
Many a deserving rest from her sleepless pillow.

See her beautiful brow, so calm and serene,
Stamped with patience divine and affection,
Where the tempests and sunshine of trials yet seem
But the echoes of many an affliction.

Smooth her care-whitened hair, once so golden and
bane,
Now damp with the dew of exhaustion,
Bathe the throbbing temples that ache and pain
In the last throes of death's perspiration.

See the light that is beckoning a last farewell glance
From her eyes, once so lustrous and fair ;

In a moment 'twill leave and, broken askant,
Will an angel have sealed them with glassy stare.

The moment is golden that is ebbing away
 Into the endless gulf of eternity's stream,
When another choice victim of death's reaper will
 lay
'Neath the earth's grassy sod and willowy screen.

Then you'll seek her in each chamber and glance at
 each chair
That once held her precious form ever dear.
Fear not, sad heart, when threatening dangers scare,
 Your sainted mother then your pining grief shall
 hear.

TIME.

Time is but grace which if well spent
Shall multiply a talent lent ;
'Tis like a star whose distant light
Gleams through the wakes of born and faded
nights.

Time is but time and ne'er returns
An offer to do good whilst life's frail lamp still
burns,
And, shrinking ne'er from duty, seeks to guide
Each pilgrim of the earth unto a peaceful tide.

Where are the ages buried deep and dim ?
Where are the countless souls but given back to
Him ?
Why crumble towers low, why moulders stone to
filmy must ?
Because all mortal power fails and dust returns to
dust.

Why should the soul be slain, and clad
With deadened bones on pallid slabs,
Since He who gave her birth hath said :
“ Live on, eternal live, and be by wisdom fed.”

Then is the soul immortal, and is immortal, too,
The God that gave it to us, to me and you,
And planted in its depth this sign and guide for all
 alike,
By overcoming self and sin is precious time spent
 right.

Who would then be his passion's slave,
Who would not strive his soul to save?
Toil on with time so deep and true—
Truer than sunlight, purer than dew.

Be time's companion levelling the way
To an end certain coming on a dawning day ;
Let your aim be God's glory, the talent he lent
Shall your merit then be when death's summons is
 sent.

THE SILENT TESTIMONY.

When in that silent valley we shall stand,

Where silent messengers shall lead us by the hand,
And graves release their endless train of mortals
stowed away

Each century from infancy unto this last born day.

Yea, from the graves and chasms come the legions
slain,

And e'en the heaving sea gives back its dead again,
When all is ghastly quiet, save the sea's lamenting
moans;

Where shall we flee when all created souls thus
roam.

Then shall the scenes be brought to view

That from thy sheltering walls went forth ;
Yea, then all would misdeeds undo,
And fain would bargain for thy worth.

Where knelt all nations of the earth,

In supplication hither bent,
And faith incessant showed its birth,
Grace lavish flowed upon the penitent.

Thy prophesy revealed its pure eternal truths,
In grander tone than 'neath all ruling monarchs'
 roofs,
To powers that hath dared to scorn Thy crimsoned
 wound,
Who sought the veil of darkest night and sealed
 their fatal doom.

The castaway that strove to desecrate Thy mounted
 rood,
And hoist the flags of error, that scattered Thine
 own brood
Upon the treacherous lanes, with false and failing
 signs,
Bore from Thy hallowed realms no soldier's share
 of mine.

Deep shall their cause be sunken down,
When comes the sign Thy prophets found,
And bore for Thee, 'mid blood to shroud,
Unto Thy coming from the clouds.

Exalted shalt Thou be, in all Thy following,
From all created bounds, yea, all
That trusted in Thy motherhood ;
From Thy blest soil sprang martyrs good.

The pleading souls Thy anger just appeased,
The merciful that gave the suffering ease
Of those that taught Thy word to men,
On isles unknown, brought light of faith to
 them.

Upon their brow the Godhead will impart
A crown of bliss, no bitterness shall thwart
Eternal peace without the touch of pain ;
Thus wilt Thou see Thine triumph, forever to
remain.

PEACEFUL NIGHT.

Peaceful night ! borne from the eternal citadel of the skies, heralded and accompanied by its citizens, the angels, amid rejoicing and songs of their jubilee choirs, thou art indeed the select night.

Long lay the earth in waiting for thee and the beauty that would come forth from thy silentness. Centuries of sorrow and lamentations mingling with the sanctified wail of the departed just are transformed to immortal strains of glory and melody born at the throne of the most high God.

Yet knelt on wrathful soil the faithful few, pleading the clouds to bring down the flower from the Root of Jesse, Prince of Peace, Redemption, Light and Comforter. Patriarchs with burning hearts of desire, vieing the warm impulsive beating of the righteous young reared 'neath Solomonic temple shade and influence, when lo ! the prophet's message is embodied and "The Word made Flesh."

Holy night ! thou art the chosen teacher of sanctity through humility, since the All Holy was enthroned on the bedding of straw 'midst poverty, sending from thither thy messengers unto lowly and gentle shepherds to be the first adorers of the infant Messiah.

Night of Destiny ! thou art the counsel of the past, the guide of the present, and the destiny of the future, hidden in the bosom of eternity. All time is blest in thee anew. Long shall the legions come forth to sing thy beauty, effulgent night. Many have been the dawn and departures of thy repeated glories and illumination, yet remainest thou the brightest star of mortals' hopes pilgriming 'neath thy sacred quietude.

THE BLIND.

Hear the plaintive cry of the blind man's strains,
Ye festive clad thronging the gala decked streets,
Whilst your hearts yet are free from the shadows of
 pain,
And with ringing mirth each another doth greet.

Not the blind ; for him splendor may dazzle in vain,
And the ray of a smile never brightens his fate,
Though a time once was his when many again
 Passed he by ere he reached this desolate state.

Poor, wandering and lonely, a pitiful sight,
For the heart once accustomed to laughter and
 praise,
Devoid of a home, deprived of his sight,
 Dole sadly his airs whenever he plays.

A father of poor little waifs to keep,
And never a look a fond mother bestows,
With a happier to-morrow he sings them to sleep,
 Drying often a tear that unheeded would flow.

Some tears they mingle with the dust,
Many a sob escapes his lips to unknown realms,

Yet day by day he humbly trusts
His plight to Him whose blood redeems.

Let the balm of your solace then loosen his bonds,
And soothe the woes of the poor one, the stricken
forlorn,
Pour the wine of compassion as the Samaritan longed
To restore back to health the beaten and worn.

And the angel of love that guardeth the blind
Will in faith pen the deed in the white book of
life,
Till the hour of his release, when his sight he will
find,
And his strains accompany his soul from this
valley of strife.

THE TRIBUTE OF THE PIONEERS.

IN MEMORIAM.

God's power supreme hath stilled a voice
That once to many hearts gave cheer,
And as I sit alone, the quiet night
Awakes to me his memory ever dear.

To times forever flown, I know not whence,
And yet each glance would tell me : see
Yon milky way among the skies he trod, from
thence
He walked the pearly streets to endless jubilee.

But thou must deck and guard his silent tomb,
His youth's companions slumbering at his side ;
There flow no tides of dismal gloom,
But all in tranquil rest abide.

How sigh the trees ; behold the forest's few
Where once the beasts and birds their callow
broods have lain,

Their daily toil full many fruitful changes drew ;
How wave the fertile fields, luxuriant now with
golden grain.

Oh fleeing hours of winged mortality ! Oh time
where hast thou sped ?

Why do the lowly pilgrims sleep ?
'Tis well ! 'tis well ! their cool and narrow bed
Likewise is mine, perchance the fathomed deep.

Sleep on, O cherished twain, bedecked with crowning
ages,

Ere long will close your hallowed graves unite ;
No glittering jeweled crown or illumed pages
Can teach such truths sublime as did your frosted
locks of hoary white.

Old age was their blessing, wintered hair was their
crown,

Not the losses they sustained but the achievements
they gained ;

And the hardships they bore shall be handed down
When their tombstones long are dim from ex-
posure and rain.

As the sun at eventide casts a lingering reflection
ere forever it leaves,

So did they die the death of age, 'twas not
lamented youth,

And it came as gentle as the quiet dawn of an eve,
When the air is so calm and the clouds seem so
smooth.

Undisturbed through the ages that will come and decay
Is the homily that unceasing to the soul it doth preach ;
In eternity's domain, clad in their spiritual array,
Shall they hover before me, till their union I reach.

MEDITATION.

Friend, on thy waxen brow we gaze,
And from thy lips no warm breath comes,
For it is gone. We ask amazed,
Whither, oh whither ! and how long ?

How can we live without thy mirth ?
Thine eyes, where shall we seek to find them ?
So pure were they as ocean pearls,
So full of charms and wisdom.

And thou hast left the task undone
No other can complete for thee ;
Thine parents had but one proud son,
But one, whose smiles could give them glee.

Why didst thou leave a bride to mourn,
Her grief to find no bosom fond
Whereon to fix her hopes forlorn ?
No answer comes from thy pale frond.

For thou hast never dealt the blow
That clove your love in twain ;
But speak ye silent lips that glowed
In love's return, why art ye slain ?

We ask, though we plead in vain,
No voice the secret will explain,
Though we search the caverns deep, search wisdom's
streets and lanes,
And from the heavens that we see, implore the
fatal name.

From none of these can we thy lost, gone self regain,
'Tis thus we bow in grief and pour
Caresses fond and tears upon thy bier, and fain
Would stand with thee at heaven's door.

These witnesses, so grand and incomprehensive, alone can inspire the soul and appease her languishing when earthly consolations are fast fading from her grasp.

REQUIEM.

On a wintry morning in the fisher hamlet of Adrian, built on the sand dunes of the Baltic sea, you can see, peering out over the leaping waves, a desolate fisherman's widow, with a wistful expression of countenance, who, searching in vain for a lost sail, after each unsuccessful illusion cowering down upon a solitary cliff, unmindful of the high waves that alternately immerse this barren crest, sings daily the following requiem as it were to the deep :

I made youth's bright wish and longed for its
blooming,

As the flower's frail tendrils long for the spring ;
It bloomed but, alas, though my heart ceased
swooning,

Its solace is dead till life's fleeting ebb shall unite
me with him.

To the port where he sailed with blessings of mine,
To see his fond mother so aged and lorn,
I bade him God speed, remember what's thine,
And buried my hope, predestined to mourn.

I know that his love is coherent to me,
Though the waves of the sea and frown of the
cliffs
Keep aloof what remains for my dimmed eyes to see,
While his pale brow is bathed mid the breaker's
lost drift.

When the winds of the night moan so piteous for me,
And the waves, though I loathe them, at my feet
dance and play,
I cannot but stand till the tide of the sea
Compel me to leave, then I sink down and pray.

Then comfort and peace steals over my soul,
And back to my cabin, so near to the shore,
I lie down to rest and dream of the goal
That soon will be mine when the trials are o'er.

Thus years have sped by, thus day after day
Her heart throbs in anguish and lips moan a wail.
Each morn with the sun her footsteps will stray
To the sea by her cottage and sigh for a sail.

God pity the lone one when humans in vain
Plead their share of her sorrow with them to
divide,
And send her such solace that hope will regain,
Ere the last trembling chord break the last link
of life.

ANNIVERSARY RETURNS.

With friendship's choicest branch I hail
The years that buds for thee again ;
It silent steals through autumn's hazy veil,
It comes mid drops of crystalled rain.

Upon thy days in happy spring time's bliss,
Pilgrim beneath the peerless star-lit dome,
As if each gentle evening zephyr whisped,
Nearing with measured tread thy destined home.

In the far beyond, glowing in glimmering light,
Shedding for thee rays of its splendor,
Reigns the moon still, queen of the night,
Confirming thy hopes of eternal grandeur.

Comes through the gulf of the past, e'er returning,
Visions of mirthful hours gone by.
They must wither forever, the future is burning
Expectancy's light, it will glimmer and die.

Oh may the sounds of a legion of chanters
Fill with their music thy heaven-bent soul,

For each smile that once soothed dark trouble's
decanter,
As virgin gold will they weigh in the scales for
thy goal.

Look but above, the meeting is nigh,
Minstrels are beckoning, who would falter and
stay ;
Harp after harp through the mists we descry,
All mortality lies in wait of the dawning day.

THE BLIND MUSICIAN.

A TRANSLATION.

At the base of a mount stood a rude habitation,
Erected by hands that claimed peace for their
wealth ;
The father thereof was digging the metal
For barons that spared not his life or his health.

Poor was his lot yet loaded with treasures,
His heart knew no envy but filled with delight,
When, on his return from the damp gloomy caverns,
His bright sunny children would meet him at
night.

But dark and threatening clouds were gathering,
And soon would strike their fatal blow,
To wound the hearts that yet were happy,
In sad submission make them bow.

A dreaded disease was ghastly intruding,
And claiming its victims, whilst, sore and bereft,

Anxious parents in terror to heaven were pleading,
To spare their fond children with which they were
blest.

It claimed in this circle the frail little brother,
With deep blue eyes and flaxen curls,
And though spared from death, it brought on another
Sad plight; the sight of his mirthful eyes had
fled.

The night that brought sorrow was stormy and dark,
And the mother was nodding and spinning;
Though weary from work, at each faint noise would
start,
Whilst incessant tears from her eyes were spring-
ing.

It shattered the hopes of the grief-stricken father;
A welcome relief 'twas when death to him came,
And claimed him instead of the sightless brother,
Who with the mother and sister remained.

Flighty friends in their haste brought speedy counsel,
To send him from house to house and to beg,
And to play at each door with a small triangle
Was all, they said, that for him was left.

But the mother's pride at the thought repelled,
That her blameless child should wander,
A pitiful sight. No, he never would beg,
She weeping replied, her eyes flamed with just
anger.

To the pastor of souls, in her need, she confided
Her darling boy, and his actions assured her
The talent and genius that in him resided,
As the tedious lessons he willingly learned.

The years of his childhood soon ripened to youth,
And then to his cherished at home
He soon could return, to greet them and prove,
By his diligent labor, his thanks for a home.

When the trees and flowers put forth their buds,
He entered alone, and a pallor o'erspread
His sad grave countenance as he heard
The tears mid sobs that for him were shed.

When their tears were stilled in soothing words,
He showed them his violin that he had bought,
And played for them airs they never had heard,
And told them of laurels his music had wrought.

From nobles and counts he soon obtained bidding
To come and play for their concerts and balls,
And when his instructor had heard of his wishes
To go out in the world and win favor from all,

He plead in vain, for the pride of the boy
Was stirred, and no warning could hold
Him at home. No, out in the world or die
Were the words that to his mother he told.

The sad words bring to her heart new pangs,
And though again and again he did impart

To her anxious heart reassuring thanks,
She embraced him once more, then saw him depart.

Frequent letters he wrote, yet ere soon forgot
His aged mother that waited
In vain for his coming, although she thought
Of his certain ruin that him awaited.

Her days were numbered, sad and slow
Her daily walks would be,
But always full of hope she'd go,
Then wander home and weep.

His fame was rising, and his purse
Was filling fast with gold,
Yet the joys he thought that then would bless
Were absent, and he fast was growing old.

His sister wrote that they had heard
Of how he was advancing
In popularity, gain and praise,
But asked him, if he had the peace of heart en-
trancing ?

Once more the bushes, flowers and trees
Were spreading sweetest fragrance,
And butterflies and busy bees
Were everywhere for flower dust searching.

The mother's trying hour was nigh,
When she must go to realms above ;
She raised her dying voice and sighed :
“ Oh give him all my love.”

Midst Italy's sunny clime and bowers
 He roamed to play one evening ;
A message came—beneath the flowers
 I placed our mother, and my heart is grieving.

This sudden blow sank deeply down
 Into his mind, and bore,
From henceforth, tears that only crown
 A penitent's remorse.

Beneath dark olives' shadow stood
 A monastery, centuries old,
And only men who lived for good,
 For holy life, could there seek their abode.

These bells it were whose sound the gentle breezes
 bore
Unto his ear, their tinkling voice
That made him think of days before
 He left his sainted mother, and made his eyes
 grow moist.

A passer by he now addressed,
 Wherfore this lovely sound ?
Ah, said the stranger, seemingly in haste,
 A holy monk his rest in death hath found.

Then take me thither, but at once.
 The stranger doth comply,
And as they reach the sacred font,
 Once more he doth his soul in prayer to God
 unite.

Now solemnly the monks appear,
And take their loving brother, wrapped
In sacred garments, from the bier ;
They take him down a narrow path.

The burning tapers flicker faint,
As down the sepulchre they slow descend,
To lay him there till God proclaims,
On resurrection day, His saints.

He hears the Miserere's wail,
And asks the stranger to ascend
With him, and at the organ lend
A willing hand that he can play.

He strikes the chords, now loud and full,
Then plays them soft as echoing sobs,
And as the monks appear in dull
And silent grief, their aching hearts do throb.

They hear his strains, as if touched by angels' choirs,
And being weary, pause to rest ;
Then as the last Eternam faint away doth die,
They seek his presence and him bless.

He tells them all his pride and strife,
And how he now doth mourn
That he did not lead a better life,
That he is so forlorn.

The saintly Abbot bids him stay
With cloistered rule, and to unite

In psalms, in meditation, and to pray
For those who die without eternal light.

He would gladly to this request comply,
But mournful sighs : my poor lone sister,
Who, in her sorrow, will with her abide,
In the lonely cot who will assist her ?

Forth stepped now in grace a mild, winning Abbe,
And brings him this message of comfort and bliss :
“ Soon the veil of a Sister of Mercy will chasten
Her sorrow,” and she wishes you peace.

The news brings him solace ; he now is resolved
Never more to taste the world’s wicked joys,
But contritely begs to be absolved
Of the stain that so long his soul hath soiled.

He feels a pain that is weighting him down,
And knows that his days are waning,
That soon he too will beneath a mound
Repose, awaiting resurrection morning.

Sadder and slower he plays his airs,
Paler and waner he treads the stairs ;
Soon will he follow, sorrow no more,
Joining his loved ones at heaven’s door.

The bells were ringing this festival morn,
And inviting the faithful to Mass ;
By the side of the suffering youth, adorned
With humility’s garb, his confessor sat.

Just as the bell announced elevation,
That moment when graces so lavish appear,
He raised his dying voice, in exaltation
Cried out : I see light ! my eyes are clear !

Sweet was his death, full of comfort and bliss ;
Calm was his end, it found him prepared.
In his last moments saw light, this was his triumph,
And departing so gently, peace at last was his
share.

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